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COMING HOME.

Oh, brothers and sisters, growing old,
Do you all remember yet
That home, in the shade of the rustling
trees,
Where once our household met?

Do you know how we used to come from
school,
Through the summer's pleasant heat,
With the yellow fennel's golden dust
On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in an idle mood
We loitered by the way;
And stopped in the woods to gather flowers,
And in the fields to play;

Till warned by the deepening shadow's fall,
That told of the coming night,
We climbed to the top of the last long hill,
And saw our homes in sight?

And brothers and sisters, older now
Than she whose life is o'er,
Do you think of the mother's loving face
That looked from the open door?

Alas! for the changing things of time;
That home in the dust is low,
And that loving smile was hid from us
In the darkness long ago!

And we have come to life's last hill,
From which our weary eyes
Can almost look on the home that shines
Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,
Still let us move as one,
Always together keeping step,
Till the march of life is done.

For that mother, who waited for us here,
Wearing a smile so sweet,
Now waits on the hills of Paradise,
For her children's coming feet?

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SUCCOR.

The emotion caused by the strange apparition we described in the last chapter was gradually dissipated; minds regained their equilibrium, and ere long the travellers, reassured by each other's presence, laughed and joked at the terror they had felt. Two of them, however, more obstinate, or more affected than the rest, wished to detect the meaning of this extraordinary adventure, and, as if by common accord, though they did not communicate to each other the result of their reflections, they fetched their horses, mounted, and rushed into the forest from two opposite points. These two men were Don Aurelio Gutierrez and the Canadian adventurer, known as the Sumach.

Their absence was long, and their comrades impatiently awaited their return for several hours. At length they reappeared, each coming in a direction opposite to that in which he had set out. For a radius of four leagues round the clearing, they had explored the forest, clump by clump, bush by bush, but in vain; their researches had obtained no result; they had discovered no trace, and found no sign which might lead them to the truth. At one moment the adventurer fancied that he heard the distant gallop of a horse; but the sound was so remote, so indistinct, that it was impossible for him to form any opinion or acquire a certainty. As for Don Aurelio, the forest had been as silent to him as a tomb.

Both, therefore, rejoined their companions with hanging heads and minds occupied with this apparition, which seemed to them the stranger because their staunch hearts and straightforward minds could not accept it as a divine intervention, and yet it could not be an hallucination. At the moment when they re-entered the clearing the night was nearly spent, the stars were growing pale, and expiring one after another. Wide tinted bands were beginning to appear athwart the horizon, the flowers and plants exhaled a sharper and more penetrating perfume, and the birds nestled beneath the leaves were already preluding with timid notes the melodious concert with which they each morning salute the break of day. The sun would make its appearance ere long.

The horses were saddled, and the travellers had only been awaiting the return of the two explorers to resume their journey. At the moment when Don Aurelio was about to give the signal to start, the Sumach walked up to him and laid his hand on the bridle of his horse.

"One moment," he said; "before we start I should wish to make a few remarks to you."

The Mexican regarded the adventurer closely, and read on his thoughtful face so serious an expression that he bowed to him deferentially.

"I am listening to you," he said.

The Sumach, as the surname he bore sufficiently proved, was a man endowed with that ferocious and blunt courage to which every contest is a holiday, and which overthrows any obstacles that rise before it, however great they may be. Decidedly by this



THE ATTACK.

man were related which displayed a boldness and temerity bordering on the prodigious. Fear was as unknown to him as was weakness. But he was a Canadian; that is to say, he belonged to that hardy Norman race, so superstitious and credulous, which trembles at night at the dashing of an owl's wing against a pane of glass, and for which apparitions and phantoms are almost articles of belief. In a word, this man, who would have been unmoved by the sight of twenty rifles pointed at his bosom, had an inward tremor at the thought of the past night's apparition. And yet, so peculiar is the human mind, the suspicious being who had so startled him had scarce disappeared ere he rushed in pursuit. The truth was that his indomitable courage had revolted at the thought of the involuntary panic, his heart palpitated with shame, and he tried to discover the truth or falsehood there might be in the occurrence.

The sterile hunt he had made in the forest had put the final touch on his mental confusion, conviction was forced upon him, and now he felt certain that a supernatural intervention had given them a warning which they would do very wrong in neglecting. This was the reason which made him oppose the immediate departure of the travellers and address Don Aurelio.

"Listen, caballero," he said to him, in a firm voice, "I am only an ignorant adventurer to whom books have hitherto been unknown things. There are few things in the world I fear, but I am a Christian and a Catholic; as such I cannot believe that God would disturb the order of nature without some powerful reason. What is your opinion in the matter?"

"I entirely share your opinion, my good fellow," Don Aurelio replied, who, a good Catholic himself, and sincerely attached to his religion, did not dream of disputing its dogmas and creeds.

"In that case," the adventurer continued, "trusting only to my own poor judgment, the being who appeared to us a few hours ago does not belong to this world. Yourself fired two pistol shots almost point-blank without hitting, and though we started immediately in pursuit we found no signs or trace. Is that so?"

"I must allow, señor, that all this is not only perfectly true but strictly exact."

"Very good," the Sumach continued, evidently pleased with this answer. "Now, neither of us can affirm with certainty whether this being comes from heaven or the other place; but that is of but slight importance to me. What I consider as far more serious is the advice offered to us. Whether it be true or false we are unable to discover at this moment, but it is our duty not to neglect it. If a serious danger menaces your friends we are not numerous enough at this moment to offer them effectual help."

"That is just; but what is to be done?" the Mexican remarked, struck by the adventurer's logical reasoning.

"Patience," the latter said, with a smile full of meaning. "Did not my comrade, Moonshine, tell you last night that if you broke your engagement with me I should not fail of avengers?"

"It is true," Don Aurelio exclaimed, eagerly.

"Well," the Canadian said, "what I did not care to tell you then I will confess now. I have some twenty comrades a few leagues from here, Canadians like myself, all resolute men and devoted to me. I was going to rejoin them last night when we met. I will place them at your orders, if you like, for this expedition, on the understanding that when the danger has passed—should there be any—if the conditions we offer do not please you, we shall be at liberty to withdraw in safety."

"Certainly," Viscachu exclaimed, yielding involuntarily to the joy he probably experienced; but, recognizing at once the fault he had committed, he humbly withdrew behind his master, muttering—

"Pardon me, señor Caballero."

"I pledge you my word as a gentleman," Don Aurelio answered; "then you have at your disposal twenty bold comrades?"

"Yes, or nearly so," the adventurer said; "and I offer them to you."

"Unfortunately we are in a hurry, and you will not have time to warn them."

"Well, I did not think of that," the Canadian said, thoughtfully.

"Where are they at this moment?"

"I told you; about two leagues from here."

"But in what direction?" Don Aurelio pressed him.

"Hang it! as you belong to the country, you will know better than I; they are encamped at a place called the Giant's Peak, on the road running to the Hacienda del Bario."

"What!" the Mexican exclaimed, in delight, "why that is the very hacienda we are going to!"

"Can it be possible?" the adventurer asked, in amazement.

"Nothing is truer; my friends are going to assemble there."

"If that be the case, it is useless to lose any further valuable time; let us be off at once."

"Of course; I am most anxious to do so."

"By the way," said Sumach, "I will go on ahead, so as to warn my comrades, in that way you will not be obliged to make a circuit to reach our camp, and when you arrive opposite the Giant's Peak, you will find us on the road ready to follow you. Does that suit you?"

"Canario! I should think so; you are a precious man, you think of everything, so be off at once."

The Canadian dug his spurs into his horse's flanks and started at full speed. The travellers followed him at once; their pace, though rapid, was however much more moderate than that of the adventurer, who appeared to devour space. Moonshine remained with the Mexicans, and galloped by the side of Don Aurelio.

"Why did you not tell me about your cuadrilla?" the latter asked him.

"Pardon me, señor," the Canadian said, "but your memory fails you at this moment; I was about to speak of it when my friend, the Sumach, forced me to be silent."

"That is true; I remember."

"Now," he continued, "I will take the liberty of remarking, that in speaking of my comrade's party you used the words *your* cuadrilla."

"Well," Don Aurelio observed, "have I unwittingly offended you by that qualification?"

"Not at all, señor; still I will inform you that I do not at all belong to this cuadrilla, as you call it; I am simply a buffalo-hunter and beaver-trapper. I do not say that when the opportunity offers to draw a bead on a Red Skin I refuse to do so, far from it—it is, in fact, an amusement in which I frequently indulge; but soldiering is not at all in my line."

"I thought you an intimate friend of your countryman," the Mexican remarked.

"You were not mistaken," the hunter answered, "we are indeed very old friends, though our avocations are diametrically opposed."

"And on the present occasion, would you refuse the support of your arm in defending the good cause?"

"I do not know what you call the good cause," the Canadian replied, simply, "and, as a foreigner, I care very little to learn what it is. Thanks to heaven your disputes

do not concern me the least in the world; but I should consider myself a coward if I abandoned a man with whom I have eaten and drunk, and by whose side I have slept, when a serious danger seems to threaten him. Hence you can safely reckon on me."

"Thanks, caballero," the Mexican said, warmly; "you are a man whose heart is in the right place."

"I believe it is; but I do not see why you should take the trouble to thank me for so natural a thing as this."

Don Aurelio regarded him for a moment with repressed admiration.

"Let me shake your hand," he said to him.

"With pleasure," the hunter simply replied.

During the preceding conversation the sun had risen on the horizon, and beneath the influence of its hot and enlivening beams, which made the pebbles in the road glisten like diamonds, the scenery had lost that stern appearance which the darkness had imparted to it. A warm vapor rose from the ground and formed a species of transparent fog, that refreshed the atmosphere which was already rendered sultry by the sun; the leaves damp with dew seemed greener, the birds twittered in rivalry, and at times an elk or antelope, startled by the thundering echo of the horses' hoofs, leaped from beneath a bush, and dashed madly away with head thrown back and dilated eye; or the alligators raised their heavy heads from the mud in which they were imbedded, and after gazing at the travellers for a moment, plunged into the lake.

The Mexicans galloped on thus, without the slightest incident for about two hours, conversing together about indifferent topics, and apparently as tranquil as if they were not going to meet a probable danger. They had left for some time the banks of the lake which they had hitherto been following, and, turning to the right, entered a narrow track, the bed of a dried up torrent, encased between two hills over which mighty oaks formed a dense dome of verdure which the sunbeams could not penetrate.

"The Giant's Peak is only a league and a half to our left," Don Aurelio said to the Canadian.

"In that case," the latter quietly replied, "we shall soon come up with our friends; they must be waiting for us at the end of that canon."

In fact, when the travellers passed through the species of defile in which they were, they saw about fifty yards ahead of them, a party of horsemen drawn up in good order, at whose head Don Aurelio recognized, with a delight he did not attempt to conceal, the worthy adventurer. The two bands were soon commingled.

"Thanks," the Mexican said, with a smile to the Canadian; "you are a man of your word."

"Did you doubt it?" the other remarked. "Certainly not."

And they continued their journey at a gallop. They had at the most but two leagues to go ere they reached the hacienda. Moonshine spurred his horse, which soon carried him twenty yards ahead of the party.

"Where are you going?" Don Aurelio shouted to him.

"To scout," the hunter answered; "let me alone. We must not fall into a wasp's nest."

"Go on, my friend," said the Mexican.

The hunter went off; but a quarter of an hour had scarce elapsed ere his comrades saw him returning at full gallop, and making them signs to halt, which they obeyed.

"Oh, ho!" Moonshine exclaimed, so soon as he had rejoined them, "the warning was good; whether angel or demon, the person who gave it was well informed."

"Explain, explain," his hearers shouted. "Silence," the hunter replied. "Listen!"

All did so; and then the distant detonation of fire-arms could be distinctly heard.

"What is happening?" Don Aurelio asked, a prey to the liveliest anxiety.

"A very simple thing," the hunter answered; "two or three hundred Indians, or at least men dressed in their garb, are furiously attacking the hacienda, the inhabitants of which are offering the most vigorous resistance."

"Can't! Comrades, we must hasten to their assistance," Don Aurelio exclaimed.

"That is also my opinion; but take my advice; let us not act rashly, but take our precautions, for these Indians appear to me suspicious; they manage their pieces too well, and take too good an aim to be real Red Skins, and Indians would never venture to attack in open daylight a fortress like the one before us."

"Then your opinion is—"

"That they are disguised Spaniards, viva Dios, and no more else."

"We cannot hesitate," said the Sumach. "Every minute is worth an age. Let us approach softly, so as not to reveal our presence prematurely, and when we are near enough to the demons, let us charge them vigorously."

"Yes, we have nothing else to do. Forward!" Don Aurelio shouted.

"Forward!" the adventurers repeated.

The nearer they drew, the more distinct the sound became. With the shouts were mingled ferocious yells and howls uttered by the assailants, and to which the defenders of the hacienda responded with equally ferocious cries. They soon came in sight of the fortress, and perceived the combatants.

The engagement was of a serious nature. The Indians, or men looking like them, fought with incredible energy and contempt of death, trying, in spite of the fire of the besiegers, to scale the walls of the hacienda, the top of which several of them were on the point of reaching. In spite of the courage they evinced, the defenders were unfortunately too few to carry on the contest much longer with any prospect of victory.

All at once a formidable cry was raised, and the Indians, furiously attacked in the rear, were obliged to wheel round. It was the charge of the adventurers. At the same moment further succor arrived for the besieged, for a second band of strangers rushed forward like a manna of forest tigers, and taking the Indians on the flank, made a desperate attack. The latter bravely supported this double assault, but they resisted with the utmost bravery; but the defenders of the hacienda finding they were at liberty through this providential help, which they were far from anticipating, made a sortie, and proceeded to help their defenders. There it became no longer a fight, but a butchery. The Indians, after disputing the ground for some moments, recognized the madness of a longer contest. They turned their backs, and sought safety in flight.

The second band, which charged the Indians simultaneously with the Canadians, had also disappeared. Still the Sumach, with a surprise mingled with horror, fancied that he recognized at the head of this band the fantastic being who had appeared in the forest; hence, in his simple credulity, he was not far from supposing that these combatants who vanished so suddenly were demons. When the few wounded white men were picked up, the adventurers, and those who had given them such effectual assistance, entered the hacienda. The plain, so noisy a few moments previously, became silent and solitary once again; and the birds of prey, left masters of the obstinately disputed battle field, began circling heavily above the corpses, with hoarse and sinister croaks of joy.

CHAPTER VIII.

INSIDE THE HACIENDA.

Although since the beginning of the civil war the Hacienda del Bario had frequently served as headquarters for the insurgents of New Spain, and, for this reason, had sustained several regular sieges from the government troops, who twice took it by storm, still, in the interior at least, but slight changes had taken place since the time when we first introduced the reader to it.

Still this house, which at that time was almost a country mansion, had become a real fortress, a deep and wide fosse had been dug round that side of the walls which might be accessible, and the threatening muzzles of several heavy guns peeped out of the embrasures, to avoid a surprise and defend the approaches to the hacienda. The trees had been felled for a radius of nearly a mile all round, the scarp path which ran round the hill and led to the gateway had been dug up in several places so as to render the approach still more difficult, and the drawbridge had been placed in working order.

On entering the hacienda the adventurers and travellers were received by a caballero, who paid them the greatest attention. It was the proprietor of the hacienda, Don Anibal de Saldibar. The eleven years which had elapsed since our prologue had produced but very slight effect on his vigorous organization. A few wrinkles had formed on the haciendero's wide forehead, here and there a few threads of silver were

mingled with his black hair, but that was all. He was still upright, and his eye was bright as ever. He and Don Aurelio had been long acquainted, and appeared to feel a sincere friendship for each other.

"You and the gentlemen who accompany you are welcome," Don Aurelio exclaimed as he warmly pressed his friend's hand; "you could not have arrived more opportunely. Had it not been for you, I know not how matters would have ended."

"Well, I hope," Don Aurelio said, warmly returning the pressure, "are we the first at the meeting?"

"On my word, nearly so, there are very few persons here as yet. You know how difficult the communications are, and what a system of espionage Senor Apolache, his excellency the Viceroy of New Spain, has invented. It is a perfect inquisition. Every suspicious individual is immediately arrested, so that our friends are obliged to act with the greatest prudence."

"In fact, we have unhappily reached that point when one half the population plays the spy on the other."

"Well, enough on this head for the present. You and your friends must need rest. Allow me to conduct you myself to the quarters which have been prepared for you by my orders."

"On my word, I confess to you that I accept your offer with the same frankness in which it is made."

Don Aurelio then led his guests to spacious and rather comfortable furnished apartments, where he left them at liberty to behave as they thought proper, informing them that refreshments would be brought them directly; then he left them, in order to receive other persons who arrived at the hacienda at the moment. In fact, scarce had Don Aurelio left, ere the door opened to make way for several footmen, loaded with trays covered with refreshments of every description. The Sumach, after lavishing his adventures in a corral, remained Don Aurelio, with whom remained only one of his servants, namely, Viscaño, in whom he seemed to have the greatest confidence.

Our four friends, that is to say, Don Aurelio, Moonshine, the Sumach, and Viscaño, sat down to the table, and did honor to the refreshments sent by Don Aurelio, in a manner which would have assuredly pleased him, had he seen it. Viscaño, doubtless through humility, was seated a little away; he alone ate moderately, rather as a man who does not wish to be guilty of want of courtesy, than as a man who had just ridden through leagues, and whose appetite must have been sharpened by recent and vigorous exercise. When the travellers' hunger was appeased, the conversation, which had, at the outset, been languishing, became more animated and naturally turned on the master of the house, in which the guests were assembled. Moonshine, after lighting his pipe, addressed Don Aurelio.

"Will you allow me," he said to him, "to ask you a few questions with reference to our host?"

"I see no reason why you should not," the Mexican replied. "I shall be even pleased to give you all the information you wish about him that I am in a position to supply."

"These questions will be quite general," the Canadian continued. "My friend and I are strangers, and as it is probable that circumstances will oblige us to make a rather lengthened stay in this country, I confess to you that we should be glad to have certain information about persons with whom chance may bring us into contact, which will enable us to act toward them in such a way as will not hurt either their feelings or their interests."

"The fact is," Oliver Clary said in support, interrupting his words with numerous puffs of smoke, "this country is so extraordinary, all that goes on in it so far surpasses anything I have hitherto seen, that I acquit of my countrymen and friends' opinion."

"As you please. To begin, I presume that you would like to know something about our host."

"You have hit it, caballero," both men said, with a polite bow.

"Nothing is easier, the more so because I am a distant relative of Don Aurelio, and am better able than most persons to give you the information you require."

"Excellent," the Sumach said, as he threw himself back in his chair.

"I think nothing equal to a good story after a jolly breakfast," said Moonshine, as he rested his elbows on the table, and prepared to listen.

Don Aurelio delicately rolled a hook of cigarette between his fingers, lit it, and then went on as follows:

"It is scarce mid-day," he said; "it is probable that we shall not be disturbed till four o'clock, for Don Aurelio is at this moment occupied in receiving the numerous visitors who are arriving from all parts of the province. We have four hours before us, which we cannot employ better; so listen to me."

After this sort of introduction, the Mexican summoned up his recollections for a few minutes, and then went on like a man prepared to tell a long story.

"Don Aurelio Hernando Gomez de Alvarado y Saldivar is what we call in this country a *Christiano viejo*, that is to say, his blood has never crossed, during ages, with that of the Indians; he is descended in a straight line from that famous Don Pedro de Alvarado to whom Don Hernando Cortez entrusted the government and command of the city of Mexico, when he was compelled to proceed to Vera Cruz, to fight Don Pánfilo de Narváez, whom Don Diego Velasquez, Governor of Cuba, sent against him, and who passed with all his men under the flag of the conqueror. You will see from this rapid sketch that Don Aurelio comes from a good stock. When Hernando Cortez had completed the conquest of Mexico, he divided the vast territory among all his lieutenants. Don Pedro de Alvarado, owing to his fidelity to the Conquistador, was naturally the best provided for, and he soon found himself in possession of an enormous fortune. This fortune, being well managed, augmented in the course of time, and thus at the present day Don Aurelio is not only one of the richest landowners in New Spain, but in the whole world. This colossal fortune was further increased, some sixteen years back, by Don Aurelio's marriage with Dona Emilia de Aguilar, my cousin, sixth removed. Dona Emilia was at that period seventeen years of age, and one of the loveliest girls in the province."

Don Aurelio paused for a few seconds, and then continued:

"Here there is a grand gap, not in my recollection, but in the information I have been able to collect. At the period to which I allude some interesting business forced me to make a voyage to the Havanna, so that I

only heard on my return that Don Aurelio had drawn on himself the hatred of certain Indians established on his estates; that these Indians, expelled by him, had sworn to avenge themselves, which they tried several times, but unsuccessfully. While this was going on, Hidalgo, the cure of Dolores, raised the standard of revolt, and summoning the population under arms, began that long war of independence which is not yet terminated. Although of Spanish origin, Don Aurelio, whose whole fortune consisted of land and mines, and whom the triumph of the revolution would inevitably ruin if he obstinately remained faithful to the Spanish government, either through interest or conviction, or through these motives united, joined the insurrection, and became one of its most devoted adherents. The house in which we are at this moment, perfectly situated, as you can see, and tolerably well fortified to resist a surprise, has several times served as headquarters for the insurgents. Once was Don Aurelio surprised suddenly by the Spaniards; the hacienda was so completely and rapidly invested that Don Aurelio had not the time, as he had intended, to send Dona Emilia and her child, who was then hardly eighteen months old, to Leonia Vicario. Both, therefore, remained with him, and then a frightful affair, which has never been properly cleared up, took place. A snake was conveyed into the room of the hacienda by an Indian, as was found by the trail discovered on the sand, and the bag of taphole he left behind. How this Indian contrived to elude the vigilance of the sentinels no one ever knew. Still it is a fact that this snake, without doing the slightest hurt to the infant, attacked the nurse, whose milk it sucked with a horrible frenzy. The wretched girl died almost immediately after in fearful convulsions, and Dona Emilia, who was a witness of the tragedy, not having the strength to endure it, went mad."

"Oh!" the hearers exclaimed, with a terror mingled with horror, "that is fearful!"

"Is it not?" Don Aurelio said, sadly.

"And what became of the unhappy mother?" Moonshine asked with interest.

"Did she remain mad?" the adventurer asked.

"No," the Mexican continued, "the unfortunate lady recovered her reason, or, at least, after two years of assiduous care, she appeared to do so, for, since the scene I have described to you, she has constantly suffered from terrible crises, which succeed each other with a strength and energy that continually grow greater."

"Poor woman!" Viscaño muttered.

"Oh, yes, poor woman!" Don Aurelio continued. "Don Aurelio, although, he would not let it be seen, adored his wife. The misfortune which burst on him like a thunderclap, by revealing to him all the immensity of his passion, deprived him of the strength any longer to conceal it. All the time that Dona Emilia's madness lasted, the devotion and self-denial he displayed were sublime. When she at length recovered her senses, he ordered all his servants not to restrain her in any way, but to let her act as she pleased, without even questioning or troubling her. A strange change had taken place in Dona Emilia's character; this woman, or girl, for she was hardly eighteen years of age when the misfortune happened—so kind, gentle, timid, and graceful, became a furious thirsting for revenge, only dreaming of combat, and having one fixed idea, that of incessantly pursuing the Red Skins, and pitilessly destroying them wherever she met them. Employing the liberty her husband granted her, she frequently disappeared from the hacienda, for whole weeks, taking her daughter with her, from whom she never parted, and whom she has trained in her own feelings of hatred and revenge; and both remained absent all this time, and no one was able to discover what became of them, or what they were doing; then the mother and daughter would return with smiling faces and tranquil demeanor, as if nothing extraordinary had occurred."

"And now?" Moonshine interrupted.

"I believe that the same thing goes on now," the Mexican continued, "and that Dona Emilia has not given up her wanderings. Don Aurelio, whom her absence terribly alarmed, has tried several times to prevent them, but he found that the precautions he took to keep his wife at home rendered her so unhappy that he preferred letting her act as she thought. However, for some time unknown to me, the Indians feel such a superstitious terror of her that her mere appearance suffices to put them to flight, however numerous they may be, as has been witnessed on several occasions."

"It is extraordinary," Oliver Clary muttered.

"And the young lady?" Moonshine asked.

"She is now nearly fifteen years of age, and her name is Diana. She is an exquisite creature, light and graceful, fair haired, and her eyes reflect the blue of Heaven; but, beneath this delicate appearance she conceals an indomitable energy, and an incredible firmness of character. Educated by her mother, as I told you, she adores and only obeys her, although she has a reciprocal friendship for her father, and evinces the greatest respect for him. Still, Don Aurelio, I feel persuaded, however energetic he may be, would not venture to contend with her, for he would be certain beforehand of defeat. The young lady is, therefore, quite her own mistress, and hence never leaves her mother; but the singular thing is that these two females, who understand each other so thoroughly, have admitted a third person to their friendship."

"A third," the Canadian said; "who is it?"

"That is the strangest thing of all; he is a tall, well-built, powerful young fellow of about two and twenty, whom Don Aurelio brought back some twelve or thirteen years ago from an expedition against the Indians, and there is every reason for believing that he is a Red Skin himself. This person's name, or rather the name given him, is Melchior Diaz. Gifted with prodigious strength and unequalled activity and excellence in all manly exercises, this young man is the darling of Don Aurelio, who sees with secret despair the approaching extinction of his name, for he has no son, and is, consequently, the last of his race. Hence he has bestowed on this young man, who, I must allow, is in every respect worthy of it, through the goodness of his heart and the rectitude of his mind, the affection he would feel for a real son; on the other hand, being forced to consent to leave his wife and daughter their liberty, he is glad to know they have such a devoted defender, for Melchior accompanies them in all their expeditions. Several times Don Aurelio has tried to obtain from the young man some

information as to their nature, but the latter has been impenetrable, intrenching himself behind the oath he says he has taken never to reveal anything that relates to Dona Emilia. Now, how is it that this lady, who has such an inveterate hatred for the Indians, has taken into her friendship this young man, who, I repeat, is assuredly a Red Skin, and is so attached to him that she will not let him leave her for a moment?"

"And what does Dona Diana think of this young man?" the hunter asked.

"Diana is a child, knowing nothing of life; she believes that Melchior is her brother, for they were brought up together, and she feels a frank friendship for him."

"But the young man," Moonshine said, searchingly, "does he know that he is not Dona Diana's brother?"

"I am not aware, but it is probable that Don Aurelio or Dona Emilia has informed him of his origin."

"Is he at the hacienda at this moment?" the Sumach asked.

"I cannot tell you. I have not been here for several months, and so do not know what is going on. But I hear a footstep in the corridor, and I do not but that we are going to be interrupted."

In truth, a light footstep was audible on the outside, coming nearer and nearer to the room in which the travellers were. At length the door opened, and a peon appeared.

"Parlon, señores," he said, after bowing ceremoniously, "Don Aurelio de Saldivar, my master, requests you to follow me to the grand hall, where all the caballeros are assembled."

"We are at Don Aurelio's orders," Don Aurelio said, as he rose.

His companions imitated him, and all four went out after the servant.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1898.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND. In order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy and a large Premium Steel Engraving \$2.00; Two copies \$3.00; Four copies \$5.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) \$12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra to postage. Papers in a club will not be sent to different post offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to order. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express companies, unless you pay their charges.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.
THE OVERLAND MONTHLY for September. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco and New York.
THE HERALD OF HEALTH for October. Published by Miller, Wood & Co., New York.
HOW CROCS GROW. A Treatise on the Chemical Composition, Structure and Life of the Plant, for all Students of Agriculture. By SAMUEL W. JOHNSON, M. A., Professor of Analytical and Agricultural Chemistry in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. Published by Orange Judd & Co., N. Y.; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

FRANKS OF FORTUNE, AND MARK OR BRIAR. Two Books of the "Starry Flag Series." By OLIVER OPTIC. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE BRAMBLEBUSH OF BISHOP'S FOLLY. A Novel. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

Causes of Sudden Death.

Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, an experiment has been tried in Europe, and reported to a scientific congress at Strasburg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough post mortem examination; in these cases only two were found who had died from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died from apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are, cold feet, tight clothing, corset bows, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close room into the air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressing news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence, many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death, if they knew it lay in their power.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.—In a recent speech in Missouri, Gen. Shields made the startling assertion that if the national debt was reduced into silver dollars and loaded into wagons, with one ton on each wagon, and forty rods of space between, the train would reach from New York, on the Atlantic ocean, to San Francisco, on the Pacific ocean.

Stage coaches are about to be started by an American, between Yeddo and Yokohama, in Japan.

A Kentuckian calculates that he has chewed 1,825 pounds of tobacco in the last forty years.

A Cincinnati humanitarian has invented a carriage where the horse rides inside.

At a mountain town in California, in 1856, Miss Pellet was expatiating on the great injury which whiskey had done to the morals of the country, and, swelling with inspiration, said she, "What, indeed, my friends, do you suppose would be the difference to your fair state-to-day, if some arbitrary edict had forbidden the admission of a drop of liquor through the Golden Gate?" Just where the sensation was supposed to come in, as the speaker paused, a tall miner rose, and, as respectfully as a language could be delivered, said: "By—madam, we'd have had the Pacific Railroad!"

Two French maids and twenty-two trunks composed the retinue of a returning New York belle.

The Track Finders of South America.

The following is from Sarmiento's "Life in the Argentine Republic," translated by Mrs. Horace Mann:—

THE RASTREADOR.

The most conspicuous and extraordinary of the occupations to be described is that of the Rastreador, or track-finder. All the gauchos of the interior are Rastreadores. In such extensive plains, where paths and lines of travel cross each other in all directions, and where the pastures in which the herds feed are unfenced, it is necessary often to follow the tracks of an animal, and to distinguish them among a thousand others, and to know whether it was going at an easy or a rapid pace, at liberty or led, laden or carrying no weight.

This is a generally understood branch of household knowledge. I once happened to turn out of a by-way into the Buenos Ayres road, and my guide, following the usual practice, cast a look at the ground. "There was a very nice little Moorish mule in that train," said he, directly. "D. N. Zapata's it was—he is good for the saddle, and it is very plain she was saddled this time; they went by yesterday." The man was travelling from the Sierra de San Luis, while the train had passed on its way from Buenos Ayres, and it was a year since he had seen the Moorish mule, whose track was mixed up with those of a whole train, in a path two feet wide. And this seemingly incredible tale only illustrates the common degree of skill; the guide was a mere herdsman, and no professional Rastreador.

The Rastreador proper is a grave, circumspect personage, whose declarations are considered conclusive evidence in the inferior courts. Consciousness of the knowledge he possesses gives him a certain reserved and mysterious dignity. Every one treats him with respect; the poor man because he fears to offend one who might injure him by a slander or an accusation; and the proprietor because of the possible value of his testimony. A theft has been committed during the night; no one knows anything of it; the victim of it hastens to look for one of the robber's foot-prints, and on finding it, they cover it with something to keep the wind from disturbing it. They then send for the Rastreador, who detects the track and follows it, only occasionally looking at the ground as if his eyes saw in full relief the steps invisible to others. He follows the course of the streets, crosses gardens, enters a house, and pointing to a man whom he finds there, says, coldly, "That is he!" The crime is proved, and the criminal seldom denies the charge. In his estimation, even more than that of the judge, the Rastreador's deposition is a positive demonstration; it would be ridiculous and absurd to dispute it. The culprit accordingly yields to a witness whom he regards as the finger of God pointing him out.

THE BAQUEANO, OR PATH-FINDER.

Next to the Rastreador comes the Baqueano, a personage of distinction, and one who controls the fate of individuals and of provinces. The Baqueano is a grave and reserved gaucho, who knows every span of 20,000 square leagues of plain, wood and mountain. He is the most thorough topographer, the only map which a General consults in directing the movements of his campaign. The Baqueano is always at his side. Modest and mute as a garden-wall, he is in possession of every secret of the campaign; the fate of the army, the issue of a battle, the conquest of a province, all depend upon him. The Baqueano almost always discharges his duty with fidelity, but the General does not place full confidence in him.

A Baqueano finds a little path crossing the road which he is following; he knows to what distant watering-place it leads. If he finds a thousand such paths, some of them even a hundred leagues apart, he is acquainted with each, and knows whence it comes and whither it goes. He knows the hidden fords of a hundred rivers and streams, above or below the ordinary places of crossing. He can point out a convenient path through a hundred distinct and extensive swamps.

In the deepest darkness of the night, surrounded by boundless plains or by forests, while his companions are astray and at a loss, he rides round them inspecting the trees; if there are none, he dismounts and stoops to examine the shrubs, and satisfies himself of his points of compass. He then mounts, re-assures his party by saying, "We are in a straight line from such a place, so many leagues from the houses; we must travel southwards." And he sets out in the direction he has indicated, without uneasiness, without hurrying to confirm his judgment by arriving at the town, and without answering the objections suggested to the others by fear or bewilderment.

A REVOLUTION.—The revolution in grape culture has been a revolution indeed. As formerly almost every body cut and slashed their grape-vines, year after year, "hand rining," as the phrase goes, so now almost every body lets them alone. The consequence is, there are grapes, and grapes, and grapes everywhere in plenty this year. I was informed the other day, by a gentleman well acquainted with the vineyards of the state, that they had for two years in succession abandoned the system of cutting and slashing the Catawba, and there it was healthy and bearing with its old profusion. —Country Gentleman.

The novel style of novel reading:—Husband (old style question):—"What! dipping into the third volume, to see if every one is married?" Wife (new style of answer):—"Oh, they were married in the first volume. I only wanted to see if it was really her husband who poisoned her."

Experiments recently conducted in Holland have satisfied theorists that tar is not a preservative of wood. If anything, it has a tendency to rot timber; but it has been certainly ascertained that creosote will keep it in excellent order for years.

A New York barber paid seventy-five dollars for a crop of blonde hair on a single head, taking it "as it stood."

A favorite style of dress for gentlemen in Paris this summer has been coats, vests and trousers of white silk, with blue cravats.

Mr. Edwin Booth recently purchased some "cloth of gold" for his new costume, in Richelieu, at one hundred and twenty-five dollars a yard.

The difference between a male and a female swell is, that the expansion of one is at the top, the other at the bottom.

It is becoming fashionable to take tea in the day time in France, and lovers of the "cup that cheers but not inebriates" hope soon to see the French drink tea instead of wine at breakfast.

rior to his fellow-men, and he who believes himself to be so, are alike unvisited by this imp in livery of "green and yellow," until Love comes, and brings him in his train. Then, the sage philosopher, the heaven-soaring poet, the artist devoted to the ideal, the statesman planning the rise and fall of governments, all forsake the natural use of their eyes, and view surrounding objects through spectacles more or less tinged with green. It is astonishing how these same green spectacles which Sir Francis now put on for the first time, exaggerate and distort. Lord Fordham's words and looks, frank, open, and conveying an expression of friendly regard and honest admiration, when seen through them became double-meaning and ardent, and my lady's suggested a no less unpleasant translation.

At the dinner-table, Lord Fordham was seated next to her, and when he touched her glass with his, with a smile and playful gesture, Sir Francis almost threw his goblet at his head. When his lordship gave her a French motto, unrolled from a pink-candied-shell, and purporting to be a message to Venus from the mermen who mourned the loss of the sea-born goddess, the baronet gripped the handle of a knife so hard, that he quite expected to find the impression of his fingers in the silver, and looked compassionately at the tips, reddened by the rude pressure. He thought with what ferocious delight he could plunge that knife into the heart of the viscount, and then reflected what an unpleasant sensation must be produced by the act of suffocation, called hanging, and the disagreeable purpling of the face which would be one of its immediate results. "How a fellow would look after he was dead!" thought the baronet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONE SEPTEMBER.

I remember
One September
When the purple plum-trees bore,
And the pears hung mellow,
And we heaped an ample store
Of pippins red and yellow.
Do you remember
That September?

II.
When the after-math was mown,
And we tossed the fragrant hay—
Hay with withered daisies strewn,
Sweet as freshest flowers of May—
Dear, do you remember
That September?

III.
And you couched upon the hay,
While I sat quiet at your head;
Little found we then to say,
Unless to praise the lovely day,
Or some books that we had read.
But do not you remember
The joy of that September?

IV.
Many a day has passed since then,
Many a sunny day and bright,
Rare and precious moments when
Earth has glowed with Eden's light,
And we talk when we're together
Of other things than books or weather;
But, love, do you remember
The joy of that September?

The Traitor Denounced.

A TALE OF THE TOURNAMENTS.

King Edward, of England, held his court in the ancient city of Winchester: ostensibly to redress the wrongs of his subjects, but, in reality, to avoid the dreaded Earl of Lancaster.

Another motive he had for visiting Winchester, and that was to await the arrival of the elder De Spenser, who was every day expected from the south, with troops.

King Edward, and his abandoned queen, Isabella, or the "she-wolf of France," as she was called, were seated in royal state in the presence chamber of the old palace.

His lords and gentlemen, and such of his barons as were yet faithful to him, were ranged around.

The halberdiers, in their panoply of steel, were drawn up round the walls of the apartment.

"How now, Sir Page, who next seeks an audience?" demanded the king, as one of the court pages entered and knelt before the royal pair.

"So like your Grace, the worthy knight, Sir Lionel Arundel, craves admission to your royal presence," replied the bending page.

The king's face grew dark and moody, as the name fell on his ear, while the queen hastily drew down her veil to shroud her treacherous features.

The next moment, Sir Lionel, equipped in complete armor, promptly entered the presence chamber, and making a profound bow, stopped in front of the throne.

"Methinks, Sir Knight, thou art but ill advised, to brave our wrath while thine offences yet smell so rank," cried the king, angrily, as Lionel halted.

"What offences, so please your grace?"

"Treason against our royal will and commandment."

"My liege, 'tis false; there breathes not a man in England who owns a more loyal heart to your grace than I do."

"Hast thou not, against our known command, despoiled the young De Spenser of his bride?"

"Of your grace's command, I knew naught, and as for despoiling him, 'twas he who would have robbed me of my affianced wife."

"Thy affianced wife?"

"Yes, my liege, mine; mine, by the promise of her sire, and by the holy benediction of the church, mine, long ere this arrogant De Spenser—"

"Peace, knave, nor dare to rail upon a noble gentleman, thy lord and master," exclaimed Isabella, with flashing eyes.

"My master, your grace! not while Lionel Arundel has a sword to wield, or a tongue to denounce a low-born minion."

"Peace, saucy varlet, or that unruly tongue may chance run thy head from thy unmanly shoulders. Away, sirrah!" resumed the queen, with a haughty wave of the hand.

"Calm thee, fair mistress, and doubt not we will find a way to stop this kestrel's crow of triumph, never fear," whispered the king.

"For what purpose, Sir Knight, hast thou now favored us with thy unwelcome presence?" Edward demanded, suppressing all evidence of passion or displeasure.

"For what purpose, my liege? To denounce and challenge that pampered minion, the young De Spenser, to mortal combat."

"Thou hast chosen thine opportunity with ill advice, Sir Knight, or thou mightest have known the worthy lord thou seekest was doing our behest in the goodly city of Bristol," replied the king.

"But he hath left his tool, my Lord of Tankerville, behind," and Lionel pointed contemptuously to a courtier who stood at the back of the royal chair.

"And what wouldst thou have of me, thou insolent braggart?" demanded the young lord, suddenly looking up with a haughty start, as his name was pronounced.

"What would I have of thee, thou slave of a slave?" cried Lionel, with a defiant gesture. "This I would; I'd have thee bear my mortal defiance to thy base and revengeful master."

"And thou couldst couple it with one to myself, I should more enjoy the duty thou givest me."

"Peace, thou chattering pye, and hear thy message," cried Lionel, waving him to silence with his hand, as he advanced nearer to the throne, and proudly set one foot on the lowest step.

"Tell the young De Spenser that at the foot of the throne, and in the presence of his betrayed sovereign, and his unnatural accomplice—"

Lionel here glanced meaningly at the queen, who, in conscious confusion, drooped her head, and drew her veil in closer folds over her chafing countenance.

"I denounce him as a base friend, and a treacherous counsellor, a perverter of truth and justice, a villain to all who trust him, and a traitor to his king and country."

"Hast done, thou audacious knave?" exclaimed Isabella, half rising from her chair, in her fear of further disclosures.

"Lady, by your leave," and Lionel bowed courteously to the queen, as he drew off his heavy gauntlets.

"Tell him, moreover, that I waive his attempted murder of myself and his outrage on my betrothed wife, and merge every charge in that of traitor to his king and country. In proof whereof, there lies my gage."

And while he held aloft the one glove, he hurled the other at the feet of the king and queen.

Tankerville sprang from behind the royal chair in a moment, and rushing to the front of the throne, flung down a glove from his girdle, as he took up that of Lionel's, exclaiming—

"Take back your defiance, haughty and discourteous knight. In De Spenser's name, I accept thy challenge, and will imperil mine own body to prove thee a base calumniator and a villain."

"Dread liege, I claim my right!" exclaimed Lionel. "My right, having denounced your highness' favorite, as a rank and dangerous traitor, to prove the charge upon his felon body."

"Grant it, I beseech your grace, that such a pestilent reviler of the brave and beautiful, may meet his instant punishment," interposed Tankerville.

"When returns De Spenser from his mission, my lord?" asked Edward.

"He is hourly looked for home, your grace."

"Be it so, then. To-morrow, at five of the clock in the evening. See, Sir Knight, thou art prepared to make good thy boisterous appeal against the Lord De Spenser," replied the king, addressing Lionel.

Then turning to Tankerville, he added—

"And thou, my lord, see thou, too, art prepared should De Spenser not return, to adventure thine own body in this encounter, and disprove, for him and me, the foul aspersions."

"Doubt it not, my liege."

"Not my presence, sire, to make good this charge of treason against thy crown, thy dignity and thy life," replied Lionel, rising and taking up the other's gage.

"Marshal! see that the lists for this encounter are erected betimes to-morrow, in the meads behind our palace, and look that all be in fitting order, for our presence at the joust."

The officer addressed bowed as the king finished, and retired.

"Stay, Sir Knight," cried Edward, as Lionel was retiring from the presence.

"Stay, in this charge of treason, and encounter against a high and valued noble, thou adventarest only thine own body."

"What more, my liege, can I risk, or what offer, of greater value than my life?"

"The custody of thy young wife, the lovely Bertha."

"My wife? Bertha, my liege?"

"Aye truly, for unless she be placed in the foremost seat of the royal stand ere sound of trumpet to-morrow, we shall forbid the lists."

"She shall be present, my liege," replied Lionel, as he respectfully withdrew.

"Fair and false, ever false and fair," he muttered, as he quitted the chamber. "But I will thwart thy scheme, though I lose my life in the effort—ever fair and false."

On the following day, long ere noon, the marshal's men had worked with such diligence that lists to accommodate ten thousand people had been erected in the rear of the old palace.

An hour before the time fixed for the tourney all the galleries were filled with the privileged spectators, and those lords and nobles who were yet faithful to their sovereign.

Along the sides of the barriers were crowded the populace of the city, and the adjacent towns and hamlets.

Every available space was filled with an eager and excited throng, except the canopied and cushioned seats, set apart for the king and queen, and the rest of the royal household.

A body of troops kept clear the gate on either side of the lists, for the entrance of the combatants.

All was again eager excitement, to know whether the universally execrated "Spenser," as the king's minion was popularly called, had yet returned to do battle.

To gain a satisfactory answer to this question was the sole desire of every individual present, whether of high or low degree.

So well had the secret been kept, that to the last minute not even the inmates of the palace knew whether the favorite had returned, or would answer to his summons.

With intense curiosity the multitude watched the knights, barons, and ladies of the palace, pass in silence to the royal balcony, filling up all the reserved places, except four chairs of state, placed in the front row.



"HE HURLED HIS HEAVY GAUNTLET AT THE FEET OF THE KING AND QUEEN."

broken by the loud shrill blast of a trumpet, the first prelude of the coming contest. The opening of the lists.

The next instant one of the gates was flung open, and Lionel Arundel, in a magnificent suit of armor, mounted on a black steed, slowly entered the enclosure.

A lady, richly attired, but her features concealed under a white veil, that enveloped her person to the waist, seated on a splendid white Arab, rode on Lionel's left hand.

As soon as the pair reached the front of the royal pavilion, one universal shout rose from the assembled multitude.

A shout of joy and welcome as the throng recognized Lionel, the accuser, and the lovely Bertha his heroic wife.

Springing lightly from his charger, Lionel bent courteously on one knee, and offering Bertha his hand, she rose from her saddle, and making a stepping stone on the proffered knee, stepped gracefully under the pavilion, and took the last of the four chairs.

A shout, louder and even more enthusiastic than the former, burst from the throng, as Lionel rose to his seat, and mounting his palfrey, quitted the lists with his wife's palfrey.

The crowd had scarcely subsided into quietness, when the marshal and his men took their places, and a loud flourish of drums and trumpets announced the approach of the royal party.

"Who's that? who's that?" cried the excited throng, eagerly straining forward, as a tall venerable man, more than eighty years of age, and dressed in princely robes, followed a body of men-at-arms to the pavilion.

"Who is it, you ask, who?" replied others, sneeringly.

"Aye, aye, who?"

"Why the old De Spenser, to be sure; just created Earl of Winchester!"

The half expressed hiss, and the partly uttered groan, that was meant to greet the execrated name was checked in its opening by the respect still paid to their weak but harmless king as he followed the father of the young favorite.

Edward and his queen, surrounded by guards, passed his bare-headed, but silent subject, to reach the two centre chairs.

Bertha, and the Earl of Winchester, occupying those on the right and left of the royal pair.

Scarcely had Edward taken his seat, when two mounted heralds, blowing a defiant flourish, entered the arena, followed by Lionel and one squire.

Another loud and ringing hurrah, with flourishing of scarves and kerchiefs, greeted the advent of the popular favorite.

With breathless impatience, the people listened to the reading of the challenge: that denounced the king's minion as a traitor. Every thought being centered in the question, who would respond to the defiance.

A brief space was allowed, after the reading of the proclamation, for an answer, but no response being given, the herald blew his trumpet three times.

At the last sound, the herald demanded—

"Who answers for the Lord De Spenser?"

"He answers for himself," exclaimed the defendant, leaping his horse into the lists, before his herald and squire.

Lowering his lance in salute to the king, De Spenser turned his horse's head suddenly, till scarcely a yard divided him from his adversary, when he cried, disdainfully—

"Yes, much to thy confusion, De Spenser is here in person, to refute thy calumny, and prove, on thy dastard body, that thou art the traitor to thy king and country."

"Vain boaster, I stand for the truth of my cause on the arbitrament of steel, and not on a war of idle words."

"Take note, most puissant king, and all you who hear me, that I solemnly deny every slander cast on my spotless name by you traitor, and at my sword's point will make him recant them all."

"Hear me, my liege, and you, my peers: alive may I never light from this good steel's back if the De Spenser be not as I assert—a traitor to his liege."

"No more, no more."

"But this, my liege, what'er betides me, look to thyself; thou art beset by traitors, foreign and domestic; beware of France, of Mortimer, and most—"

"Strike up, I say!"

At this command the trumpets sounded the alarm, and each antagonist hastily dismounted his visor and galloped to his respective end of the lists.

A moment later, and the two met in mid career, with such momentum that both

horses were driven back on their haunches, pawing the air madly with their feet.

So violent was the shock, that De Spenser would have lost his lance and seat, but for the timely aid of his squire.

Lionel was the first to bring his horse to his feet and regain his end of the lists.

Again the trumpets sounded the charge, and again the fowens rushed together, the lance of Lionel glancing off the casque of De Spenser, while his only dented his antagonist's shield.

In a moment their horses had borne them to opposite ends of the ground.

Instantly both wheeled round their steeds, and goading their horses' flanks, for the third time rushed together.

A sudden crash, a heavy fall, and then a peeling shout of triumph shook the air.

No resistless was the force of Lionel's charge, that his lance striking the centre of the De Spenser's shield, was shattered to the butt, the shock driving him from the saddle, and throwing his steed, gasping and trembling, on the plain.

Hurling away his broken lance, Lionel sprang from his horse, and drawing his sword, rushed forward on his fallen foe.

Before he could reach him, however, De Spenser's squire had opened his knight's casque, and raised him to his knee.

"Confess thy plots and treason," cried Lionel, with his sword at his throat.

"Never, come on! I defy thee!" and striking up the sword with his shield, he sprang lightly to his feet, and the next instant, the two closed in deadly combat.

Exhausted and shaken by his fall, De Spenser was ill able to bear the storm of blows and thrusts his enemy showered upon him.

His shield, cut and battered out of shape, and his arm weary with heavy blows, the royal favorite had to give ground space, making a stand at last a few yards from the pavilion.

Seeing his advantage, Lionel redoubled his efforts, and after twice wounding his antagonist, dealt so quick and heavy a blow on his helmet that he staggered several paces back, and fell heavily to the ground.

"Confess thy treason or die!" cried Lionel, raising his bright sword, to strike.

"Villain, forbear! Harm him at thy soul's peril!" cried Isabella, passionately, as she sprang from her seat, and pointing to the victor, continued, addressing a party of armed men at one of the gates—

"Fulfill your sworn promise, do! cowards! do you hear, how him to pieces! Upon him!"

Before the men addressed could understand, or remember their duty, another squire, leading the white palfrey, burst through their midst, and made up to Lionel.

At the same moment, the first squire, leading his charger, galloped up on the other side.

Lionel comprehended all the dangers of his situation in an instant.

Lifting Bertha, who had rushed to the edge of the platform, into her saddle, he bounded into his own, as a squire ranged himself on either side of him and Bertha.

"See, my lord of Winchester, the villain murders your son," cried the passionate queen. "Draw, my lord, and forward to the rescue."

"Isabella, are you mad?" exclaimed the king, grasping her hand.

"My liege," cried Lionel from his saddle. "Believe me, that till death, I am ever your true and loyal subject; beware of treason, of Mortimer, and of the she-wolf of France."

"See you not he bears away your son's bride! Confusion! Cut them down! Upon them!" cried the exasperated queen, as she shook off Edward's hold of her arm.

The troops from both sides rushed forward to surround the fugitives, but too late to offer any serious opposition.

At a touch of the spur, the four horses made a resistless bound, and while the squires, with their battle-axes, hewed down all on either flank, Lionel Arundel made such use of his sword as soon cut a passage for their flight through their enemies' lines.

"Saved and won! Triumph and victory!" shouted Lionel, as free from the press, they galloped in loose order southward, while peal on peal of deafening shouts rose from the multitude, as they rode in safety from their persecutors.

"Saved and won, my own Bertha, saved and gloriously won!"

A few months later, the garrison of Bristol seized their governor, the old De Spenser, and delivering him to the barons, he was in-

stantly, without question or trial, beheaded, and his body, cut in atoms, flung to the dogs.

His head was sent to adorn the gates of Winchester, from which city he derived his title.

Thus at the age of eighty-nine perished the elder De Spenser.

Only a short time later, the barons having captured the king, and his young favorite, Edward was sent a prisoner to Pomfret, and the young De Spenser suffered the same fate as his father.

My Grandmother's Ring.

I shut the garden-door, and went slowly down the winding path toward the lane. It was the day after the funeral, and the blinds in the house I had left were drawn up, and the windows that had looked so blank for the past week were open again, and people moved about briskly, and spoke no more in hushed whispers. Nay, once—not half an hour since—my ear had caught, from the distant kitchen regions, the ring of a light laugh. Out of doors, the sun shone on the green leaves, the birds sang in the elms overhead, and the brooklet in the little wood gurgled merrily over the stones. Yet, as I turned and sat down on the mossy step of the old sun-dial, and pressed my aching brow against the cold stone pillar, I thought I had never looked upon so sad a scene.

Even now, when a pang of sorrow strikes me, there rises to my mind the image of the long, low white house, the turf all wet and glittering after the shower, and I hear the dripping of the rain-drops from the leaves, and the carol of the lark as I heard it on that day, for it was my mother who was dead, and I was very lonely in the world—an orphan, brotherless and sisterless.

Presently, I stood up, tied on my hat, and going wearily on to the white gate, leaned over it doubtfully. A week ago—only a week—she would have told me where to go, would have planned some errand for me; now, I must follow my own fancy, for my grave uncle within doors was deep in parchment deeds, and had no thought to spare for me. Instinctively, my feet turned toward the village. I had trod that path often with a bag or basket on my arm, acting as her almoner, and the impulse came to see some of the faces that used to greet me so gladly, and to hear the blessings breathed upon her name.

On I went, lingering for a moment at the turnpike, where the old gatekeeper shook her head sadly at sight of my black garments, and spoke her simple words of sympathy amid her tears, and passed the school, where the children in the porch hushed their laughter as I went by. Just beyond the school playground, there stood a low thatched cottage in its little garden, and I turned in there, for an old man, sick and suffering, lived in that house, and sickness and suffering touched me closely just then. He was sitting by the fireside quite alone, and as I lifted the latch, he turned his head, and a feeble light came into his dim eyes. "Ah, Miss Hester, I was thinking of you only a while ago. Will you be pleased to step in and take a seat?"

He made some attempt to rise from his own wooden chair; but I stopped him hastily, and drawing a low stool towards the fire, sat down at his side.

"How is the rheumatism to-day, Philip?"

"Well, it's bad, miss—thank you kindly all the same. I had a hard night with it; but I mustn't grumble, for I've suffered little in my life, and I shall be eighty-two come Whitenside."

"Your daughter's out? I heard she had been ill."

"She's muddling again now, miss, and she's gone to do a day's washing up at Squire Lawson's."

"And left you all to yourself," said I pityingly. "Poor Philip, how long the day must seem!"

"No," answered the old man, slowly; "the hours go quick enough. At first, when I was laid by, it did seem long, and I was all agog to be up and doing; but now I sit here by the fire, and think of the days that are bygone; and oftentimes I'm taken aback when the setting sun comes shining in at the window yonder. But," he added, suddenly, "I didn't ought to be talking on of myself now, and never asking so much as a word about you and the dear mistress that's just gone. You'll miss her sorely, I'm thinking."

"Yes, indeed." But, somehow my wound was too fresh for more than those two words; and reaching a book that I had lent him from the mantel-shelf, I said: "I can't talk much about her yet, Philip. Shall I read to you now?"

The usual answer came: "Thank you kindly," and I began.

Perhaps my reading was monotonous, for my thoughts would not follow the printed words, but wandered far and wide. Be that as it might, when I raised my head at the end of half an hour, the old man was nodding. I softly laid the book aside, and sat for a few minutes watching him, and admiring the fine old head, with its long, silvery locks, and the strongly marked wrinkles features softened by sleep, before I laid my hand upon his sleeve. He started, and opened his eyes, exclaiming: "I'm sure I ask you—"

But the rest of the sentence died upon his lips, and he gazed with a sort of terror at my ungloved hand, still resting on his fustian jacket. "What?—where?—where did it come from?" he faltered out in a thin, quivering voice.

"I was startled too. I too stared at my hand. 'What is it, Philip?'"

"The ring—that diamond ring with the big emerald in the middle!"

There were several on my finger. Two that I had seen from my babyhood on the dear hand now lying in the grave, and which, on the very morning that she died, she had given to me, bidding me wear them always, for her sake. The third—the diamond—she had rarely worn; but it had been her mother's, and once she had told me that a tale hung by it. Beneath the stones there was a tiny lock of hair, cut from her head when an infant; and for the sake of that flaxen curl, I had put it on among the others.

"The diamond ring," I said, drawing it off. "Philip, do you know it?"

He held out his shaking hand, and I laid it in his palm.

"Do you know it?" I repeated eagerly.

"It was my grandmother's once."

Slowly he turned it over, examining it with a strange intent curiosity, then he gave it back to me. "Do I know it?" he said, now first seeming to hear my question. "I have not set eyes on it for more than sixty years; but on my death-bed, I shall see that ring as plainly as I see it now."

"What can you mean?" I exclaimed impatiently. "I don't understand."

THE RIDDLE.

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